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NO GOD.

"The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."

No God!
All nature cries aloud there is,
Each flower declares the same:
The murmuring brook that glides along
Meandering through the plain,
Speaks of a God.

No God!
The muttering thunder echoes back—
Condemns the Atheist's lore;
The raging tempest's howling blast,
The ocean's mighty roar,
Declare a God.

No God!
And yet beholding with our eyes
The works of endless praise;
The trees, the brooks, the mountain tops
Above the clouds that raise,
To speak of God.

No God!
Go seek a lonely silent spot,
And ask each passing breeze;
Who made the sun, the moon, the stars,
This earth and all her seas,
Will they say God?

No God!
Why tremble like an aspen leaf,
When death is at the door;
Why call upon God's holy name,
His mercies kind implore,
If he is not?

JOHN RODMAN.

[CONCLUDED.]

"A piece of bread, if you please, ma'm," as a child might.

He no more dreamed of any possibility of refusal than of seeing those warm buscuits turn to stone.

But the woman, comfortable with good food, rosy from her warm fire and lamp-light, turned on him in vixen fashion:

"Bread! You're able to earn your own bread. I don't encourage men beggars. There's work for them as aren't too lazy. You'd best tramp if you don't want the dog set on you. Here, Carlo, here, old fellow!

John Rodman turned without a word. He was growing blind and deaf. He staggered out into the street, and stumbled against a man who was passing. The latter first uttered an oath, then a cry, and caught him by his hands.

It was the thief whom he had parted from at the prison gates. And four doors off was the alley he had named.

An hour after, rascals, who deserved jail, and the gallows, every one of them, had given John Rodman the food good, honest, well-bred people had denied him.

They let him rest after that, until he grew strong and doubly desperate. With his wrongs heavy upon him—with those thieves his only friends—he fell at last.

A dwelling was to be robbed, and John Rodman was among those who were to pillage it. His task was a dangerous one. He was to enter the house, conceal himself until a safe hour, and then admit the others.

At twilight, while the household were in the dining room, he crept in at a back window, made his way up stairs and hid beneath a bed on the upper floor.

There he crouched until the house grew still, and one by one the inmates ascended the stairs. At last some one stopped at the door and entered. If it should prove a stalwart man, his task was doubly dangerous. He peeped out. It was a woman—a fair woman—with golden hair and blue eyes, whose face he could not plainly see, and who put down her lamp and sat beside the table—from thence she took a box, and opening it, drew out some letters, time worn and yellow, a miniature portrait, and lock of hair, which she kissed and fell to weeping over. Then she buried her face in her hands and prayed, murmuring the words over, but uttering one louder than the first.

John Rodman almost screamed in his agitation—that word was his own name! And in a moment he knew that this was Eva Fay, and that, constant to his memory even yet, she prayed for him.

Oh! the great joy to know it—oh! the horror of being where he was. Silently he wept, brushing the tears aside to watch her, until she began to disrobe herself, when he veiled his face in honor of her chaste womanhood. Intently he listened in the darkness, until her breathing grew regular and heavy, and he knew she slumbered; and then by the window he had entered, he departed, and fled for life. But, before he had left he had scribbled in the darkness upon a card, these words:

"Eva, I have been near you. I am loathsome with prison life and prison associates, I dare not let you see me now. You believe me innocent of that crime of which they charged me. God bless you. I was innocent then. Yet, since that time, I have been on the verge of crimes as great. Pray for me, as I heard you pray, and wait and watch a little while. Nerved by the knowledge that you love him still, John Rodman may yet make a name for which you shall not blush. God bless and keep you. Adieu."

He laid this upon the table and went forth a man again. He walked the streets until daylight, praying inwardly. When the sun arose, he saw glimmering on many a wall and fence, new placards posted over night. The first call for men had been made. Columbia's voice summoned her sons to aid her, and thousands were ready. John Rodman read these words: "Recruits wanted," as though they had been by the hands of angels. Hard by, drums beat, and bugles blared, from a recruiting office. If Heaven's gates had opened, John Rodman could not have felt more thankful. He could have almost knelt in the open street to utter a thanksgiving. In the soldier's life he saw escape from crime and want, and a path to honor and to Eva's love.

In an hour he was enlisted under the banner of the Union, and in a few weeks afterward marched with his comrades from the city. As these brave men passed through the crowded thoroughfare, hats were lifted and kerchiefs waved, and bright eyes grew dewy. Some amongst the band had sweet farewells from woman's lips to cheer them; many the fond embraces of a mother, wife, and children. John Rodman had but the memory of his constant Eva's prayer for him. He needed nothing else.

Those were hot and bloody days that followed; but through them private John Rodman bore himself bravely—so bravely that the fact was noted and spoken of. At last he saved his Colonel's life at the risk of his own, and private John Rodman was no more, for Sergeant John Rodman took his place.

After that, brave deeds and promotions followed hand in hand; and now and then John Rodman hoped that Eva might sometimes read his name. His form grew erect once more, and his eye bright; his old good looks returned, and still a braver soldier never trod the field. He was Captain now. A gentleman and officer by rank. In these two long years of battle, he had suffered much by wounds, privations and anxiety. Yet he thanked God with every breath for having saved him and made him what he was.

One burning July day dawned upon a fearful battle—hand to hand, tooth and nail. Southern chivalry and grit. Blood ran like water. Brave men were appalled; some turned cowards and fled—not John Rodman. His bright eye and haughty face, his cheerful cry, his own daring, encouraged his men, and old soldiers marked him and applauded.

A woman's feeble pen can scarcely paint the battle-field; mine will not attempt it. Enough that I tell that the bravest deed of that great day was done by Captain John Rodman. And that when night came, he lay senseless and pallid as a corpse upon a cot in the long tent hospital, while on the wings of the press sped over half the world tidings of that day and of his part in it.

Out of a death-like trance John Rodman awoke, and the moon was shining down on him, and near a shaded lamp a woman sat at work. A hospital nurse, of course, and he closed his eyes again. His mind was active once more, and he remembered all—the fight and his wound and fall. He felt the stump of a bandaged limb, and knew his soldier's life was over. A few tears rose in his closed eyes, and a great sigh heaved his bosom. Then he heard the nurse arise and draw near to him; and opening those tear-filled eyes, he saw through the mist the face of Eva Fay.

"Is it a dream?" he said. "Oh, Eva, can it be possible that you are here?"

And she cried:

"Thank Heaven, he knows me. It is no dream, dear John."

She sat with her hand in his, and her cheek against his own. For a while John was happy, then sad again.

Eva spoke to cheer him.

"Do you wonder how I came here?"

"Yes, angel."

"Ah, I have kept a watch over you ever since I first read your name. I am very proud of you, John. Do you know they have made you a Colonel?"

"No!" His heart arose and sank in a moment. "A poor Colonel, Eva—a crippled man who will scarcely lift his sword again. Oh, Eva——"

"My poor, my poor darling."

"I did not think of this. I did so hope to come to you in strength and health, to offer you fame and fortune. I dare not now say, will you have a poor maimed soldier? It would be wronging you."

Eva bent over him.

"It would be of no use John."

"I do not blame you, Eva." And he hid his face.

"None at all, John," said Eva; "for the day I come here we believed you dying, and that I might stay and nurse you to the last, I told the chaplain we were betrothed, and he married us. Don't you remember John, you said "I will?""

John clasped her in his arms.

"I remember," he said, "but I thought it was a dream, I have had so many, Eva. And it is true, quite true?

"As Heaven darling."

Then John Rodman murmured:

"God bless you, darling," and laid his head upon his wife's white arm, and rested happy.

Singular Life-Work of a Lunatic.

Has any one noticed the miniature fort at the upper end of Blackwell's Island to the north of the Lunatic Asylum? It is the work of an insane man, who has spent half of his life upon it. He lost his mind in Mexico, or somewhere else where high privates were in demand, and just escaped being Mr. Armstrong, or Mr. Parrott, or Mr. Whitworth, by going crazy.

Gunnery was what ailed him—and fortifications. As he was found to be quite harmless, and obedient to his monomania, they gave him intrenching tools and told him to fortify the island. He took the geographical and geological bearings with the sagacity of a West Pointer, and concluded that any attack upon it would come from the south. So he devised a sea-cost battery with bomb-proofs, approachable by a dike with sluices and gates, and mounting heavy ordnance.

There never was a more patient worker for mischief, or a poorer addlehead. Nobody else being insane on the same point, he could get no assistance. All the other monomaniacs had oil on the brain, or poetry, or capital punishment, or negro suffrage, and were quite as devoted and zealous as he upon their claims.

So the old soldier, with a long sigh and a brave heart, took up his single shovel and commenced to build the whole fort by himself. He wheeled barrow after barrow of earth into the sea, tugged from morning till night, until at last he raised a narrow causeway from the mainland to a rock at the end of a long sand bar. With pebbles, and shells, and stones from the river, he walled this causeway until it became permanent. All this was not a month's nor a year's work; year after year passed over his gray hairs, but he kept wheeling, wheeling. The great city on the greuter island required protection, and he was making its ægis. So he went on like the men who threw up the Charleston redoubts, and for fear he would be too late to his task, he left his bed in the asylum altogether, and built himself a hut close to his place of labor. Here he slept and dwelt in the company only of his assuring conscience; and when at last his path was done, he set to work at his fort.

The result of all these years is before us. His battery is sodded green, with parapet, berme, ditch, magazine, revetments, abatis, and it mounts mock or Quaker guns, upon carriages of capital construction, looking up from the sound toward Hell Gate, like real arbiters of dominion.

The old lunatic is worn and failing, but he is not satisfied. His fort is done, but not his whole duty. So he has projected a water battery and sea wall around the entire island, and means to bring to bear upon it all the knowledge of Vauban and Todleben. When the island is impregnable, he will wrap his mantle about him and die at his battery.

For the truth of all this story, let anybody passing up the East river, look upon the island tip and see the old man ditching and building, and the little fort close by him bristling with popguns.—[Scientific American.

THE trial of Mrs. Martha Grinder, who is charged with causing the death of about a score of her neighbors and friends, at various times by administering poison in their food and drink, is now in progress at Pittsburg, Pa. She stoutly denies her guilt.

A HEART HISTORY.

In haste I call'd him the light word
That darken'd life forever;
My pallid face nor moved nor stirr'd—
His lips but one short quiver.
He gave me that long yearning look,
And spake: "If such I be"—
And all his frame a shudder shook—
"I am not fit for thee."

We never met again—until
Long years had swept away;
His face was cold, and calm, and still—
My hair was tinged with gray.
Upon his arm a lady hung—
His voice was kind and free;
He did not know the blood-drops wrung
From my heart's agony.

We met but once again—the day
On which his darling died,
His wife and child had passed away;
I bade farewell to pride.
We met—my face to his he drew—
He called me by my name;
And in his dying hour we knew
Our love had been the same.

A Railroad Car at Night.

B. F. Taylor has been taking a railroad ride, and having failed, perhaps, to enjoy the ride, enjoys himself in describing what he saw. The following glimpse at his companions as they appeared when night said "sleep," will be appreciated by those who have "been there:"

"I came near forgetting that your old friends were all on the train—the woman who plumps down on your seat and regards you with thankless and supercilious eye-brows, as if you were somebody that had blundered into breathdom without leave; and the man who dons his best garments to travel in, mounts the train as clerical as black broadcloth can make him, and leaves it with the looks of a dusty miller.

And the night scenes, sounds and scents are as curious as ever. Whiffs of boots and smothering gusts of musk, patchouli cheese, tobacco, and feet, that could never be fit to "walk on Zion's hill" without a wade and wash in Jordan, are blended. As the night wears on, the fellow who always fails to be funny, flickers out like a penny dip; the tenpin of a man who had sat bolt upright all day, grows as courtly as a Mandarin for even "Homer nods" at times: rippling like running water, "weak washy" and everlasting intermits, grows less interesting and falls asleep; men make letter Z's of themselves, shut up like pocket knives, roll up like porcupines, diverge like Y's; trim and shapely women tumble to pieces, and lie in little heaps of undistinguishable garments upon the seats; the red and dissipated lamps wink sleepily and lazily at you, and the clatter-to-clank of the iron wheels hammers out the long dull strip of darkness.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DOMINIONS.—The Queen of England is now sovereign over one continent, a hundred peninsulas, five hundred promontories, a thousand lakes, two thousand rivers, and ten thousand islands. Her subjects number more than one hundred and fifty millions. By a wave of her hand, she can summon an army of five hundred thousand soldiers, and a navy of a thousand ships of war, and a hundred thousand sailors. The Assyrian empire was not so wealthy as that of Great Brittain; the Roman empire was not so populous; the Persian empire was not so extensive; the Arabian empire was not so powerful; the Carthaginian empire was not so much dreaded; the Spanish empire was not so widely diffused.

JOSH. BILLINGS' ELEMENTS OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY.—We are apt to hate them who won't take our advice, and despise them who do.

It is dreadful easy to be a phool—a man can be one and not know it.

Elegant lezzure—chewing plug tobacco and spitting in a dorg's eye.

Real happiness don't consist so much in what a man don't have, as in what he don't want.

Fear is the fust lesson larn't and the last one forgotten.

Nobody but a phool gits bit twice by the same dorg.

A pet lamb alwus makes a cross ram.

Epitaphs are like circus bills—there is more in the bills than ever performed.

Two be healthy—eat onions and go naked.

IN boring for oil in Apalachin, Tiger county, New York, a vein of salt water was penetrated, which forced its way up and compelled a suspension of operations. The water is very salt yielding seven ounces of salt to a quart of water evaporated. It flows about fourteen hundred barrels daily. The oil company have gone into the manufacture of salt.

Rights of Audiences.

A case has been decided in New York which settles this point.

Captain Adams and friend visited Wallack's Theater and were "a little noisy." A police officer ejected them, and suit was brought by them against that officer.

The case is thus reported.

MARINE COURT—Before Judge Hearne and a Jury.

W. C. Adams vs. Caffrey.—this was an action by an ex-officer of the army against a captain of police, for damages for being turned out of a theater; and the case is interesting and important, as furnishing a distinct announcement, which will be new to most of people, of the rights of audiences, as such, and the kind of behavior which may be exacted from the individuals composing them. The plantiff testified that he had returned from the army not long since, having been properly mustered out; that he had served as an officer on the staff of Gen. Sedgwick, and afterwards on the staff of Gen. Sickles. On arriving here, he went in company with his friend Brown, also an ex-officer, who had recently returned from the army of the South, to Wallack's Theater, to see "Black Eyed Susan" and "Still Waters Run Deep;" that after purchasing tickets and taking seats in the theater, the were arrested by Capt, Caffrey, and causelessly put out of the house by him and Mr. Moses, the treasurer. He denied that they were disorderly, or created any disturbance.

It was shown for the defense that the two officers put their feet upon the seats and were rather boisterous in manner. The disorder shown was very slight, but A. Oakey Hall, Esq., who conducted the case for the defense, cited an English case in support of his application, and Court charged the jury that there could properly be no degree of disorder in an audience; that an individual on entering an assemblage surrendered a good deal of his personal liberty; that it was a part of his contract to keep perfect silence was as distinct as of an individual to personal liberty; and that could as properly be taken cognizeunt of in the one case as in the other.

The jury returned a verdict for the defendant.

Is This Advice Good?

"Farmers," of Oakland, near Quincy, Ill., writes: "To the young farmers of the East who have capital and wish to start out in life, either as farmers or business men, the *South* and particularly the *West*, is the place to go. Missouri is destined to be one of the Golden States of our Union. Bounded on one side by the Mississippi, traversed by the Missouri and other navigable rivers, railroads in all directions and room for more, abounding in more natural products than any other State, central in position, with a soil adapted to the growth of every thing that will grow in a temperate climate, with the black population as laborers, and enterprising ingenious men from the Middle or Eastern States to manage, Missouri will in a few years be the leading State of the West. The South affords rare chances for young men to make a start in life. I think it strange that men will buy or rent the stone-ribbed land of the East, when land is so cheap and plenty South and West. Let them that can't leave the East, stay there, but let the young and enterprising buy land in the West, which will in a few years double or treble in value. Let the heretofore Slave States be filled with enterprising, industrious and Union-loving people."

Is the Advice Good?—We say, *yes*—because, though the same thought, energy, capital and labor, expended at the East will pay just as well, or better, yet going West wakes up many an Eastern young man to ten times the energy, and, of course, ten times the success he would ever show or gain at home.—[American Agriculturist.

A traveler was lately boasting of the luxury of arriving at night, after a hard day's journey to partake of the enjoyment of a well-cut ham and the left leg of a goose.

"Pray, sir, what is the peculiar luxury of a left leg?"

"Sir, to conceive its luxury, you must find that it is the last leg that is left."

A gentleman popping his head thro' a tailor shop window, exclaimed, "what o'clock is it by your lapboard?" upon which the tailor lifted up his lap board and struck him a blow on the head, answering, "It has just struck one."